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ORIGINAL POEMS
IN THE
MORAL, HEROIC, PATHETIC,
AND OTHER STYLES.

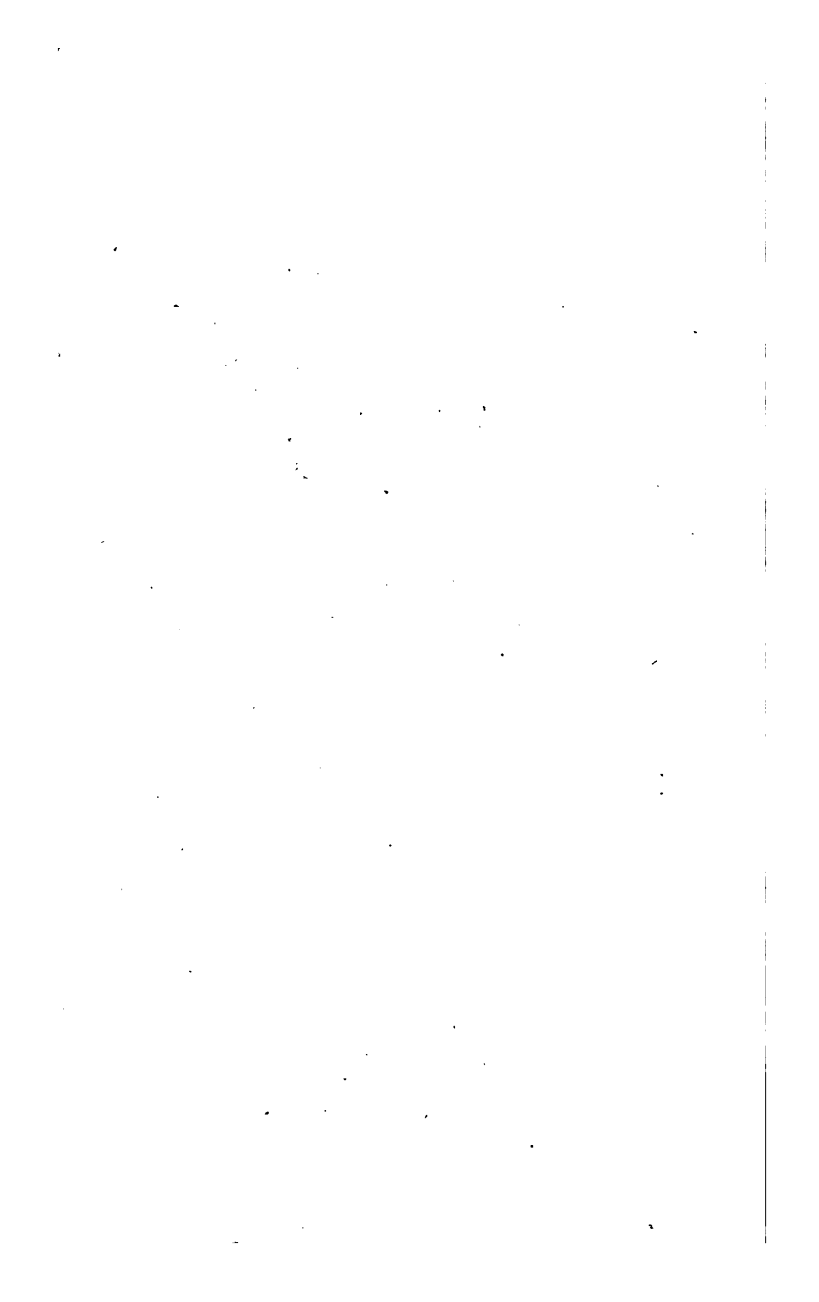
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ORIGINAL POEMS

IN THE
MORAL, HEROIC, PATHETIC,
AND OTHER STYLES.

BY A TRAVELLER.

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INVOCATION TO APOLLO

ON

TWILIGHT, MOONLIGHT, MIDNIGHT, &c.

APOLLO, I thy aid implore
To sing the charms of Twilight's hour ;
Oh, grant ! to cheer me through the night,
A ray of thy transcendent light.

I love that hour, when day recedes,
And evening's dew is on the leaves ;
When nightingales are warbling soft,
Their syren notes on boughs aloft ;
When some, who seek affection's throne,
Pursue life's dreary paths alone ;
Some hearts with mutual ardour beat,
Whose hopes and fears congenial meet,

When met, their feelings never sever,
But cling through life—then live for ever.

Oh, Twilight ! thine's a lovely hour,
So sweet its spell—so soft its pow'r.

That which succeeds to eye's decline,
Is finer far,—far more sublime :
As Sol withdraws his farewell beam,
Gloom gives fresh int'rest to the scene ;
Enchants us more, as less reveal'd,
Like Beauty, when almost conceal'd.

Observe, Gloom's talismanic wand
Raises superlatively grand—
Ideal shapes :—a countless train,
That fill the soul, and warm the brain :
Advancing from—we know not where ;
And, as we meet them,—melt in air.

I've heard it ask'd, with some surprise,
Why darkness gives, what light denies ?

Too oft in life, experience shews,
 Bliss—from reality scarce flows :
 But, grant Imagination scope,
 We revel in the joys of hope.

See night's pale luminary breaks
 Thro' heav'n's high dome, and faintly streaks,
 With tints of gold, or silver hue,
 Surrounding skies of darkest blue.

How oft in raptures have I stray'd,
 While Cynthia's beams o'er lakes have play'd ;
 When Vestal stars around her shone,
 Like goddesses near Juno's throne :
 Not Paradise is more serene,
 'Tis heav'n to gaze on such a scene ;
 Where distant spheres like angels shine,
 Reflecting here their lights divine.

Now gently ebbs the Midnight tide,
 On chrystal streams fair mermaids glide ;
 To watch the bark of seamen brave,
 And steer them o'er the dubious wave :

Guide some Leander to his tow'r,
Whose Hero waits in beauty's bow'r.

All nature now may safely rest,
Save conscience in the guilty breast.

Where can an opiate be found,
To soothe that self inflicted wound ?
The glowing anguish of whose smart
Consumes the frame—unnerves the heart—
Burns fierce with unexhausted fires,
Until Vitality expires !

Oh, Guilt ! more dreadful is thy doom,
If Conscience stings beyond the tomb !

J. H.

THE
DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

AT Portsmouth, one morn, by the Point I was walking,
In search of a subject my Muse to employ ;
I heard two fair lovelies, in sympathy talking,—
Of poor little Joseph,—the Deaf and Dumb Boy.

This child of misfortune, I met in the street ;
His manners were artless, engaging, and coy ;
In his eyes beam'd the soul of expression, so sweet :
Oh, pity poor Joseph,—the Deaf and Dumb Boy !

My feelings dissolv'd at so melting a sight,
And, mov'd by an impulse that never can cloy,
I imparted, alas ! 'twas a pitiful mite !
To poor little Joseph,—the Deaf and Dumb Boy.

May those who by av'rice embitter their years,
The sweets of beneficence strive to enjoy ;
And vie with the tender, who pity the tears
Of this helpless, neglected, poor Deaf and Dumb Boy.

As Winter approaches, ah ! screen from the cold,
His dear little limbs, lest its keenness annoy ;
Your slight dispensations in silver or gold,
Will shelter this naked, this Deaf and Dumb Boy.

When Spring again dawns, then renew your indulgence,
Nor suffer e'en chance, his fond hopes to destroy ;
Extend through his life, your heart-cheering refulgence,
And listen, and plead—for this Deaf and Dumb Boy !

J. H.

MARY, ADIEU.

WHEN late I saw my Mary dear,
What poignant anguish fill'd my heart;
The evening gale blew cold and drear,
For we, alas, were forc'd to part!

I wept upon her lovely breast,
She turn'd to hide her flowing tears;
Expression faintly tells the rest :
That moment has embitter'd years.

Yet oft Imagination's pow'r
Recalls her loveliness to view;
Veil'd in the sorrows of the hour,
When neither could proclaim—Adieu!

A parting tribute here I give,
Oh, Mary! it is Fate's decree,
For Thou alone I feel, I live,
Or die, dear love-lorn Maid for thee!

But who with tearless eyes shall view
The hour, when We for e'er must part?
When Death, perchance, shall me subdue,
Or thee! all lovely—as Thou art!

When both are gone,—our Friends may see,
Some bard our plaintive tale will tell,
How none were heavenly as Thee!
And none like Me!—lov'd Thee as well!

J. H.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF THE EVER TO BE LAMENTED

LORD NELSON.

WHILE first-rate Bards, in solemn strains, relate
Our Nation's sorrow at her Nelson's fate,
Inherent gratitude impels my lays
To venture an iota in His praise.

Nor shall I condescend to count each deed,
Which all who write can tell—who run can read ;
But onward hasten to the brilliant few,
That lost in admiration oft I view—
Deeds, which the trump of fame has sounded forth,
And need no poet to proclaim their worth.

Should distant climes for evidence be sought,
Aboukir well remembers how he fought ;
And Copenhagen, in fell discord's hour,
Bow'd to the terror of his godlike pow'r.
When France and Spain, half daring, half afraid,
Sail'd forth in quest of 'colonies and trade,'

Most vainly vaunting to the world at large,
 They'd wrest our Navy—e'en from Nelson's charge;
 Our Champion, single-handed, stemm'd the tide,
 Quell'd the loud thunder of Imperial pride;
 Upborne by Victory, pursu'd his prey,
 And scatter'd carnage thro' Trafalgar's day!

But who can paint the Hero, as he fell?
 What words the feelings of his crew can tell?
 All gathering round their dear lov'd Vet'ran Chief,
 In the dumb eloquence of manly grief;
 Brave, sad spectators of his adverse fame,
 Who caught new valor from his dying flame!

Whilst fair Britannia in dejection stands,
 With eyes cast downwards, and with wringing hands,
 In poignant anguish mourning o'er his bier,
 Lo! God ordains him to a brighter sphere!
 There a satellity he'll ever reign,
 To guide, and cheer his follow'rs on the main;
 Till future Nelsons shall to Heaven arise,
 And British Chiefs illumine all the skies!

J. H.

INGRATITUDE.

My Muse, who oft recites on Love,
Or Heavenly Beatitude,
Her strains more melancholy move
DÉVOTED to INGRATITUDE.

With Thee, Dark Demon—what can charm ?
Nor manners polish'd—chaste, or rude ;
Nor Friendship's hand—nor Safety's arm
So vile art thou—INGRATITUDE !

Tho' dear a Female's face, or form ;
Tho' elegant her attitude ;
We fly, as from the winged storm—
If she pours forth INGRATITUDE.

From Heroes brave, or mild of heart,*
From Sages vers'd in latitude ;
From Gownsmen, Statesmen, Kings—we part,
When they deal out INGRATITUDE !

J. H.

* He who subdues himself, is greater than He who subdues an enemy.

BY THE MOON, DEAREST MARY.

Written on the Beach, Southwold, after a Storm &c.

By the moon, dearest Mary, I'm viewing the Ocean,
Whose dark-heaving bosom resembles that Soul
Thou first taught to love thee,—then check'd its emotion,
Ah, now its disquietude! who can controul?

Our calmness, this morn was acutely derided,
This eve sympathetic—together We roll;
Ocean's bosom still heaves, tho' the storm has subsided,
And still heave the billows that ruffle my Soul.

Perchance, ere dawn rises, Æolus repenting—
The waters may soothe, of the Ocean's great bowl:
Shall the God whisper mercy,—and Thou unrelenting,
Dear Mary—continue to torture my Soul?

Say, canst Thou congenial feelings inherit—
For me let a tear, Love—benignantly roll?
Then on Earth—as in Heav'n, I'll greet thy fond Spirit,
And clasp it eternally, dear to my soul!

J. H.

Handwritten signature

O D E
TO
MY SUMMER HOUSE.

DEAR Summer-House, while fancy warms,
I come to celebrate thy charms;
 Wilt thou my Ode refuse?
Compos'd beneath thy blest alcove,
Sacred to friendship, mirth, and love,
 To painting and the Muse.

Long shall thy verdant laurels shine,
Long bloom thy graceful eglantine,
 Whose fragrance gives delight;
While, with thy unassuming rose,
Thy weeping willows' pendant boughs,
 Spontaneously unite.

The stream that glides beneath thy base,
Impels thy ivy to embrace,

With livelier clasp, thy urn ;
Sometimes its ruffled bosom heaves,
And foaming, dashes thee with waves,
Yet soon its smiles return.

Thy garden's borders, thro' the year,
In gay variety appear ;

Flow'r op'ning after flow'r :
There are, whose steady colours stay
Unchang'd for months,—some but a day—
Some—fade within the hour !

I've much contemplated of late
The strong similitude of fate,
Between thy state and mine ;
But, unto which the palm is due,
As more delightful of the two,
Let Moralists define.

My wife on me an arm reclines,
Chaste, as on thee, thy ivy twines,—
My children bloom around ;

Like laurels fresh, or roses fair,
 As willows,—pliant by *her* care,
 Thus far with joy I'm crown'd.

The stream of life, on which I roll,
 Pours forth its pleasures to my soul,
 Benevolence or glee;
 Tho' oft its waters ebb or flow,
 Too fast for comfort, or too slow,
 They seldom ruffle me.

Thus floating on its varying round,
 Some dearest, faithful friends I've found,
 Who've cheer'd me many an hour:
 Yet have I seen some faithless bands,—
 Depart ere noon,—some just shake hands,—
 Then wither like a flow'r.

I've seen the supercilious guile—
 The blandishment—the moonshine smile—
 The mockery of pride:
 When struggling with affection's debt,
 Seen—what I fear I can't forget—
 A Levite—turn aside.

But, much-lov'd bow'r, I clearly see
 Thy evergreens will outlive me,
 Nor look as growing old:
 Thy flow'rs in sweet succession bloom,
 When I, and mine, shall need the tomb—
 When friends with foes lie cold.

Yet; when Time's unrelenting hand
 Returns thy fabric to the sand,
 And blasts thy garden's pride:
 My muse in some sequester'd grot,
 May sing (the fascinating spot,)
 Where each, once bloom'd, and died!

J H.

THE PEDESTRIAN;

WITH A REFLECTION.

“ And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.”

JOHNSON.

I sing of him, who, with undaunted toil,
For barren glory pac'd the verdant soil ;
I sing the wonder of his Native Town,
JAMES LOCKWOOD, of Pedestrian renown !

Who, steel'd by hardship, with encumber'd feet,
Oppress'd by odds, by hunger, pain, and heat,
With firm composure, with inherent pride,
That would Diogenes have deified :
With eye-balls glaring, fix'd upon the goal,
Display'd a nerve, an energy, a soul ;
Who walk'd his three-score miles within twelve hours,
Triumphant, o'er Obstruction's galling pow'rs !
Thrice happy those who saw the immortal fray,
Man, with Man's leveller, contests the day ;

Before,—the Mortal active as the wind ;
Time with his hour-glass, and his scythe behind.

With shouts of rapture now the welkin rings
From groups unnumber'd, gay, and great as kings :
Now nought was echo'd but of blood or speed,
All clamorous—yet all extoll'd the deed ;
Whate'er they had, they gave ;—unbounded praise,
Some voted money, some the civic bays ;
Then bore him, their OLYMPIAN, from the ground,
With Laurels cover'd, and with glory crown'd.

All envy him who gains a deathless name,
Who stands emblazon'd in the temp' of Fame :
Who, had he liv'd, or died, in Greece or Rome,
What bards had sung him ! sculptors carv'd his tomb !

Whoe'er perceives with equitable brow,
The strange vicissitude of things below ;
How little labour sometimes wealth secures,
How less of genius fleeting fame ensures ;
How nations brave and wise, humane and just,
Erect the scaffold, monument, or bust :
In prose or verse how censure, how applaud,
Distribute shame, or glory, or reward ;

Revise, and re-revise each sapient plan,
 Then give—which best befits, to some great Man!
 Whoe'er keeps such examples in his view,
 Must give ~~to~~ merit—what is merit's due ;
 No matter when, or where a claimant's found,
 In him who owns, or him who tills the ground ;
 In the first VICTOR, at the OLYMPIC GAMES,
 In Barclay, Townshend, Crib, or Lockwood James.

REFLECTION.

If those who witness'd this gymnastic scene,
 Henceforth should moralize on what has been ;
 If this display of energy misled,
 Impels the Sluggard from his opiate bed ;
 Or proud contempt of self-inflicted pain,
 Gives pristine vigour to a flagging vein ;
 If those who lavish'd bounty, or applause,
 Henceforth confine them to some worthier cause ;
 If this relation to our youth apply'd,
 Becomes a warning—rather than a guide ;
 Then this Pedestrian will surely find,
 He pleas'd, instructed, and reform'd mankind !

J. H.

A VOLUNTEER SONG

Written in the year 1804. at Lowestoft, while performing Garrison duty there. And afterwards sung with great eclat, by an Amateur, of the Halesworth Loyal Volunteers.

ATTEND, Lowestoft Fair, I pray,
And banish vain affright;
We come to laugh with You by day,
And guard your coast by night.

Cho. Then sleep, dear Girls, at love's command,
Nor dream of Gallia's roar;
While we, the guardians of our land,
Are watching on your shore.

Now should Napoleon keep his vows,
And hurl on us his hordes;
We'll teach them what it is to rouse,
Of Albion's soil, its Lords.

Cho. Then sleep, dear Girls, &c.

Come on, ye Gauls, with pointed steel,
 Let love of Vict'ry burn ;
 Our lives we pledge, ye ne'er shall feel
 The dangers of return.

Cho. Then sleep, dear Girls, &c.

'Tis for our King, and Country's sake,
 We ask your smiling cheers ;
 Such sweet reward will vet'rans make—
 Of Halesworth Volunteers.

Cho. Then sleep, dear Girls, &c.

Cupid, and Mars o'er us preside,
 Each God demands his due ;
 In War, we'll crush the Frenchmen's pride,
 In Love, bow down to you.

Cho. Then sleep, dear Girls, &c.

J. H.

LARA MERBLUE.

Adown in the woodlands I chanc'd to astray
Where a delicate lovely attracted my view ;
Her eyes dark as dewberries, teeth white as May,
And the blush of the peach had young Lara Merblue.

No gem that e'er grac'd the proud mine of Golconda,
No planet, that gilds the celestial blue ;
To me e'er imparted such brilliance, or wonder,
Or warmth sympathetic—as, Lara dear, you.

Not Hebe the young, in her rose bud of glory,
Nor Daphne, when coy from Apollo she flew,
Had half the pretensions to love's plaintive story,
As the sweet ever-blooming chaste Lara Merblue.

Let Homer long sing of the charming Helena ;
Or Penelope, graceful, forbearing, and true :
While I, in soft numbers, describe as I've seen her,
The pride of my soul—lovely Lara Merblue.

Ulysses, when wreck'd on the Isle,* where Calypso
Its goddess—her net-work of love o'er him threw ;
On his sad re-embarking, ne'er quiver'd his lip so—
As mine, when I left the bewitching Merblue.

Farewell, peerless maid! may the minstrels of pleasure
With their fairest flowers thy life-passage strew ;
Hereafter may Heaven recall thee, thou treasure!
May angels embrace thee—bright Lara Merblue.

J. H.

* Of Ogygia, *Vide* the Heathen Mythology.

SIMILITUDE

BETWEEN LIFE, AND THE GAME OF BOWLS.

LIFE, like the Game of Bowls, is but an end,
Which to play well, this moral verse attend.

Throw not your bowl too rashly from your hand,
First let its course by reason's eye be plann'd;
Lest it rolls useless o'er the verdant plain,
Like heedless Life—that finishes in vain.

Know well your bias:—here the moral school
Scarce needs a comment on the bowling rule:
Play not too wide, with caution eye your cast,
Use not extent of Green, or Life to waste:
Nor yet too straight,—in Life observe the same,—
The narrow minded—often miss their aim!

Bowling too short, you but obstruct the Green,
Like him who loiters on Life's public scene:
Whoe'er at Bowls—or Business causes strife,
Will rubs on Greens receive;—and eke in Life:
One bowling trick avoid in moral play,
Ah, never—never block your neighbour's way!

These rules observ'd, a Man may play his game
On Bowling Greens—or thro' the World with fame.

REFLECTIONS
ON
FOUR GENERATIONS;

*Written in my Summer-House,
a few Days after the Death of my Grandfather.*

WITHIN this Bow'r, at times full oft—

Sat GENERATIONS—FOUR;

The soul of ONE, is gone aloft,

While THREE, their loss deplore.

My FATHER, by thy mercy, LORD,

Still burns with vital fire;

And through the Guidance of THY WORD,

Prepares to join his SIRE.

My TURN, most probably comes next;¹

Henceforth I'll life employ

In peaceful cares, nor much be vext,

So death but spares my BOY.

Yet, by the wise decree of FATE,
 None shall his hour foresee;
 In health or sickness, soon or late,
 He LEAVES, OR FOLLOWS ME.

When the last trumpet's awful strain
 Spreads fear through every LAND,
 OH, GOD! say, shall we meet again,
 In HEAVEN, at THY RIGHT HAND?

And THERE our adoration prove,
 Amid CELESTIAL Pow'rs—
 With songs of *gratitude* and *love*,
 Thro' THY ETERNAL Bow'rs!

J. H.

N E J A,
THE MAID OF THE BLYTHE.

THERE lives a Maid, in Blythe's fair vale,
Whose blush excels the blushing morn;
Whose breath, Arabia's sweetest gale;
Whose tear, the dew-drop on the thorn.

In blooming life this artless maid,
With verdant shrubs and flow'rets rare,
Adorns a love-inviting glade,
An Eden, while dear Neja's there.

As moves the swan upon the tide,
In curves that Fancy scarce can make,
Its neck, in elegance of pride,
Its plumage pure as snowy flake:

So mine, of maids the loveliest flow'r,
Her bosom heaves—averts her face—
As oft she glides from bow'r to bow'r—
Array'd in Innocence and Grace.

I've heard her tongue's angelic sound,
Felt its vibration on mine ear;
Long after silence spread around,
Still fond remembrance held it near.

I've seen her unassuming dips,*
Soul beaming eyes—refulgent hair—
Celestial neck—ambrosial lips—
But, ah! ne'er sipp'd the nectar there!

Transcendent maid of roseate hue,
Had fate entwin'd thee in mine arms,
How could I e'er have bid adieu
To thy all-fascinating charms?

But now I must—Farewell, fond theme!
On which all tremblingly I dwell:
Thou summer cloud, thou morning dream,
Sweet source of sorrow, fare thee well!

* Dips—slight courtesies, gentle condescensions.

Farewell, dear maid! the Fates decree

That thou by me canst ne'er be met;
Peace to thy rural glade, and thee:
I must not love—nor can forget.

Farewell, thou loveliest of thy land—

I ask of thee no parting kiss,
No smile, or waving of thy hand,
No touch replete with balmy bliss.

I ask of thee no soft returns,

For I am not the abject thing—
That sues for pity when it burns,
Or writhes, because it feels the sting!

Yet, ere I close affection's eye,

Some friend to thee these lines may give,
To bless thy memory till I die,
And when thou diest, to bid it live!

J. H.

FAREWELL

TO MY

IVY-CLAD BOWER.

FAREWELL, lovely grot, for awhile I must leave thee ;
Farewell to the willow that weeps o'er thy urn ;
Of thy dear turtle doves may no spoiler bereave thee,
May they mourn my departure, and hail my return.

Farewell to thy stream, that so peaceful meanders ;
On its margin, by evening, how cool the retreat :
Where some love-lorn being perchance lonely wanders,
Or the Loves and the Graces in sympathy meet.

Farewell to the vale that embosoms thy treasures,
Where Flora's gay offspring in gala robes shine :
Young Zephyrs waft round them exchanging soft
pleasures,
In amours all playful their arms round them twine.

Thy absence, sweet scene, impels ME to deplore thee :

Yet, ah! the delight of blest Memory's power—

In fancy's bright visions she oft will restore thee ;

In dreams oft pourtray thee—dear IVY-CLAD BOWER!

J. H.

ON THE
GREATNESS AND FALL
OF
BUONAPARTE.

As Recited by the Author, at a Public Dinner, April 18th, 1814.

WHEN Gallia's Tyrant led his hosts abroad;
Laid waste fair Europe, and the world o'eraw'd;
The Continental States by turns crouch'd down,
Implored his smile, and trembled at his frown.

But he elate with power, on rapine bent,
Nor prayers regarded, nor at tears relent;
Like Charles of Sweden, with his sword deep stain'd,
'He thought no conquest great, while ought remain'd;'
No rest for him upon our earthly ball,
Until he reign'd a Ruler over all.

Lo! then, Britannia rais'd her heavenly form,
 Serene, amid the horrors of the storm;
 Unfur'd her banners, spread her heroes wide,
 Held forth her shield, and Tyranny defy'd.
 Her council quell'd each vile intestine jar;
 Her army held the standard of the war;
 Her darling navy took its awful sweep,
 Resistless, as the fury of the deep.
 This energy upheld each tottering state,
 Sav'd all that Britons prize as good or great;
 Sav'd prostrate Europe from oppression's rod,
 Her Freedom, Laws, the altars of her God.

Thy fate, Oh! Switzerland, I first bemoan,
 Thou fell'st unwept, unhonour'd, and alone:
 The Tyrant's army, shadow'd half thy land,
 And drove thy Patriots bleeding to the sand.

Flush'd with success, to Holland next he came,
 And spread contention's wide destroying flame!
 Then gave, to lull her with ideal bliss,
 His blasted, pois'nous, vile fraternal kiss!

See weak, deluded Dutchmen go astray,
 And hail the ignis-fatuus of the day;
 A tinsel Liberty by Frenchmen gloss'd,
 The empty shadow of a substance lost:
 Britannia viewing with indignant smile
 This hateful league of cowardice and guile,
 Deputes brave Abercrombie to their aid,
 Oh, stain of confidence! whom they betray'd!

Lo, then, immortal Pitt before them rise,—
 Unveils and holds the Spectre to their eyes!
 This done, the Idol of their worship broke,
 They saw their error, and they felt their yoke;
 Sufficient, for their crimes has been their pain,—
 Sufficient, they embrace their Prince again;
 Now Orange Boven is their song of joy,
 'Midst shouts for England,—Peace,—and Vive le Roi!

The Sons of Austria, in dread array,
 Impede awhile this murd'rer on his way;
 Firm on their native frontiers make a stand,
 Their banners flying, and their swords in hand;

But gull'd by perfidy, betray'd by pow'r,
At Ulm, by Mack, were barter'd in an hour!

Whilst Prussia, once in arms superbly great,
Suspends on high the scales of Europe's fate;
With hollow smile sees Austria's pride laid low,
Still offers aid—but never strikes a blow!

Oh, Treachery! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
Sure retributive justice waits on thee;
For soon destructive war's insatiate tide,
Wreaks its fell vengeance, deep in Prussia's side:
But ill prepar'd to meet this shock of fate,
From apathy arous'd, alas! too late;
Three short liv'd struggles, imbecile and vain,
Leaves Gallia's Despot—master of the plain.

No rallying conflict can the PRUSSIAN try;
His chiefs desert him, and his vassals fly;
He takes of royalty the sad embrace,
While ghastly ruin stares him in the face;
Thy ghost, GREAT FRED'RIC, rising from its grave,
Mourns Prussia lost! which THOU, ALIVE—would save!

When Portugal, in dire Bellona's hour,
 Felt the dread vengeance of the Tyrant's pow'r,
 Her warlike sons in feeble numbers rose,
 In vain, to stem the torrent of their foes:
 Britannia, feeling for their abject state,
 Resolv'd to snatch them from the jaws of fate;
 Dispatch'd her WELLINGTON, in full command,
 Who sav'd their lives, their honor, and their land!

When Spain, by Anarchy and Faction tost,
 The richest jewels of her empire lost;
 When her weak Monarch even prudence brav'd,
 Perceiv'd himself cajol'd, ensnar'd, enslav'd;
 Saw Buonaparte seize the vacant throne,
 And give it to a minion of his own;
 Saw Dons in arms, 'gainst brother Dons advance,
 These aid their country—those conspire with France;
 Saw fields with slaughter drench'd, and towns on fire:
 Saw public confidence in pangs expire;
 Saw hope depart with all her cherub train—
 Who sav'd IBERIA? Wellington again!

Now, while that Friendship warms, or honour fires,
 While Faith exalts, or Piety inspires ;
 While single virtues, or the whole combin'd,
 Adorn, or dignify, the human mind ;
 May Ferdinand, with gratitude, declare
 His lasting thanks for England's fost'ring care.

When last with jealousy the Tyrant view'd,
 The dauntless Chief of Russia unsubdu'd ;
 He arm'd all cap-a-pie his conqu'ring bands,
 As eagles swift, and countless as the sands ;
 To meet them Alexander sallies forth,
 Keen as rude Boreas from his native north ;
 No frigorific torpor chills his veins ;
 No love of olive branches, deck'd with chains ;
 No Mack-like perfidy his Generals feel,
 But wisely spurning gold,—draw forth their steel ;
 Then on their followers call, a loyal band,
 Brave, sworn protectors of their native land ;
 For battle arm'd, with energy they go,
 Their love, their country,—and their hate, the foe ;
 On,—on they rush, impetuous at the word,
 And thousands deal,—and thousands meet the sword.

But when in volumes roll'd old Moscow's flame,
 Then, then the Tyrant's fierce chastisement came;
 Thence sprung that rancour which no guile could quench,
 That everlasting hatred of the French;
 The Cossac warriors like clouds arose,
 "Redress," they said, "for our dear City's woes!"
 By day, by night, they occupi'd the field,
 Resolv'd to perish, rather than to yield:
 Their ceaseless onsets struck the foe with fear,
 They dy'd with carnage every glitt'ring spear;
 To aid them, WINTER flung his terrors round,
 And glu'd whole Gallic legions to the ground!

Of all this vaunting army what³ remains,
 Save who in dungeons pine, or bleach on plains?

These evils witness'd, home the Coward runs,
 And tells his Senate he had lost her sons!
 Nor pity yet his marble soul could reach,
 Nor dire disasters circumspection teach;
 Still bent on blood—with talismanic pow'r—
 He rais'd fresh myrmidons within the hour:

Return'd to Germany in fell array,
 And met repulse on Leipsic's glorious day!
 Again he's panic struck—again he flies,
 When, lo! Adversity's dark storms arise.

The Swiss forsake him, the Bavarians turn,
 The Dutch revolt, the humbl'd Spaniards burn;
 The Swedes, they menace, Russians, Austrians, join,
 And led by Prussia's heroes, cross the Rhine:
 There close their ranks, there make a solemn stand,
 With swords unsheath'd, with olives in their hand,
 There offer peace, there pay their last respects,
 Which He, oh, lunacy of pride! rejects.
 A desperate conflict lays his greatness low,
 And leaves proud Gallia—crouching to her foe.

Onward they march—of Paris reach the wall,
 And spare the people at fair Mercy's call;
 This clemency endears each Victor's name,
 But gives to Alexander, deathless fame.

One act of Justice, for their wrongs atone,
 They drive the TYRANT headlong from his throne.

Behold him now to misery ally'd,
The victim of his own vindictive pride!
Expell'd to banishment, in dire disgrace,
A living Monument of all that's base;
There let him stand amid surrounding scorn,
A lesson to the Tyrants yet unborn!
Meanwhile be War in deep oblivion hurl'd,
And universal Peace pervade the world.

Now, Britons, charge your glasses—and with me
Be this our standing toast, with three times three.

Long may the Bourbons rule their native land;
Long wield their sceptre with a lenient hand;
Mark what ensures a people's love, or hate,
And moralize—on Buonaparte's fate!

J. H.





